Fran. Faireſt *Cordelia*, that art moſt rich being poore,
Moſt choiſe forſaken, and moſt loued deſpis'd,
Thee and thy vertues heere I ſeize vpon,
Be it lawfull I take vp what's caſt away.
Gods, Gods! tis ſtrange, that from their cold'ſt neglect,
My loue ſhould kindle to enflam'd reſpect,
Thy dowreleſſe daughter King, throwne to thy chance,
Is Queene of vs, of ours, and our faire *France*:
Not all the Dukes in watriſh *Burgundy*,
Shall buy this vnpriz'd precious maid of me.
Bid them farwell *Cordelia*, though vnkinde.
Thou loſeſt heere, a better where to finde.
Lear. Thou haſt her *France*, let her be thine,
For we haue no ſuch daughter, nor ſhall euer ſee
That face of hers againe, therefore be gone, (*gundy.*
Without our grace, our loue, our benizon: come noble *Bur-*
Exit Lear and Burgundy.

Fran. Bid farwell to your ſiſters.
Cord. The Iewels of our Father,
With waſht eyes *Cordelia* leaues you, I know you what you are,
And like a ſiſter am moſt loth to call your faults
As they are named, vſe well our Father,
To your profeſſed boſomes I commit him,
But yet alaſſe, ſtood I within his grace,
I would preferre him to a better place;
So farwell to you both.
Gonorill. Preſcribe not vs our duties.
Regan. Let your ſtudy be to content your Lord,
Who hath receiu'd you at Fortunes almes,
You haue obedience ſcanted,
And well are worth the worth that you haue wanted.
Cord. Time ſhall vnfold what pleated cunning hides,
Who couers faults, at laſt ſhame them derides:
Well may you proſper.
Fran. Come faire *Cordelia.* *Exit France and Cord.*
Gon. Siſter, it is not a little I haue to ſay,
Of what moſt neerely appertaines to vs both,